

# Tattersall's Club Magazine

OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

Vol. 18. No. 11. January, 1946.



## AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB

(RANDWICK RACECOURSE)

# Anniversary Meeting, 1946 SATURDAY, January 26th --- MONDAY, 28th January

FIRST DAY: SATURDAY, 26th JANUARY

**Principal Event:** 

THE CHALLENGE STAKES . . . . . £1,250 added

Six Furlonas.

SECOND DAY: MONDAY, 28th JANUARY

**Principal Event:** 

THE ANNIVERSARY HANDICAP . . . £1,500 added

One Mile and a Half.

Admission Tickets for the Saddling Paddock only may be purchased on the days of the races at the Hotel Australia,

Castlereagh Street.

6 Bligh Street, SYDNEY. GEO. T. ROWE,

Secretary.

Established 14th May, 1858.

# TATTERSALL'S CLUB

# SYDNEY

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+

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Secretary:

T. T. MANNING.

So much is being spoken of and about success, the term is being applied with so little real appreciation of its attributes, that it is well to inquire: Who are the successful, and by what right are they so acknowledged?

Everything, including success, must be defined before it may be evaluated; and definitions should derive from a sense of true, or decent, values.

Judged according to their standards, Hitler and Mussolini should be credited with having achieved success, up to a point. Both were original, resourceful and masterful, which are the gifts making for preeminence; but they were also callous cowards in themselves, and without conscience. In the end they were beaten by the golden rule.

Thus, success stands revealed as more than a term that may be applied irrespective of the ends or of the means employed in their achievement. Success should be defined as a distinction won in fair combat; otherwise, by fair dealing. Shortly, he who accumulates must also accomplish in the sense of true, or decent, values.

This is as true as related to dealings in high diplomacy, new determining the destiny of the world, as to the everyday transactions in human affairs which influence our sense of right and wrong and provide a true index to success.

With this sentiment, as club men, and club mates, we may sincerely make our New Year toast—"To Success!"

Vol. 18-No. 11.

January, 1946.

# The Club Man's Diary

### BIRTHDAYS JANUARY.

1st P. Kearns
6th V. J. Hutchins
7th J. L. Geraghty
8th F. G. Spurway
9th R. A. Sharpe
10th J. A. Chew
11th Col. T. L. F.
Rutledge
14th W. C. Wurth
16th A. C. W. Hill
17th G. V. Dunwoodie
20th W. T. Ridge
C. V. Dunlop

#### FEBRUARY

1st W. T. Wood
2nd A. V. Miller
E. E. Hirst
6th C. O. Chambers
T. S. Prescott
8th A. J. M. Kelly
9th A. E. Cruttenden
11th S. W. Griffith
13th H. Norton
W. C. Hildebrandt
17th G. S. Smith
25th H. S. Clissold

Our congratulations to Reg. Moses on his election to the committee of the Australian Jockey Club; an honour which falls to the few, and one which the son of a former committeeman may be relied upon to uphold in the best sporting tradition.

Here's wishing joy to the member of this club who married the daughter of a member of this club. The couple were Alex. T. M. Whyte, of Elizabeth Bay, and Linfay, eldest daughter of E. J. Lonsdale, of Vaucluse. Their marriage took place on December 8 in St. Stephen's Presbyterian Church, Macquarie Street.

The spirit of unionism found its highest expression at a concert in Lewisham Stadium the other night (wrote the New York correspondent of Sydney "Daily Telegraph"). At the end of the concert two ushers were noticed applauding harder than anyone else. When one of the ushers stopped applauding the other turned and addressed him sharply: "Keep clapping, dope. One more encore and we are on overtime."

J. W. M. Laidlaw, who died on January 7, was a familiar figure in the club, of which he had been a member since 26/7/43—old-timers remember him as a notable athlete. Another member who passed from our company was A. C. Bramble, well-known Newcastle sportsman. He joined Tattersall's Club on July 8, 1929, and died on January 8, 1946.

Hero-worship died a violent death in World War II. All the master-race stuff affected by Huns and Japs took its rise from the enthronement by war lords of mere mortals as deities. The objects of their affection could not, of course, produce miracles to resist human contrivances, such as bombs and pincer-movements, but as a means to an illusion the set-up was terrific. The mob reacted so violently as almost to wreck civilisation before defeat brought disillusionment.

There should be in this a moral for those of our own people who are prone to make heroes of ordinary men just because their backers—shrewd, but not always scrupulous—base their calculations on human credulity.

A glance over old racing records discloses, at times, apt names bestowed on horses by their owners. Away back in the early days of racing at Camden a Mr. H. Byrne nominated a horse and won the Hack Stakes under the name of Do It Again. He was evidently one of the useful sort. On the second day he was the successful competitor in the Farmers' Purse of £10, heats, once round. After winning his heats, Do It Again was harnessed up, put in a dray in which was placed a ton load, which he drew round the course amid the cheers of onlookers.

Chili Williams shivers in her scanties these mornings, wondering: "What can I wear to-day that's got polka dots in it?" (wrote the New York correspondent of Sydney "Daily Telegraph"). Chili, one of America's most beautiful models, is bound by contract to wear polka dots for a year, "wherever she goes, except to bed." She got this way as a result of an offer by Bill Schiller, known as the "Polka Dot King," who plans to market many polka dot products. Chili says Schiller has devised some smart and beautiful polka-dot things, and she likes them. She has received polka-dot negligees,

shoes, scarves, slippers, purses and gloves. Chili was asked: "Do you have to wear polka-dot nightgowns?" It turns out that she sleeps in the nude, and counts her goose-pimples as polka dots.

Intelligence is sceptical, questioning, dubious. It asks: "Why do you say that?"—"How do you know?"—
"Prove it!"—"What are the facts?"

Emotion is lazy, trustful, eager to believe. It responds to sounds, accents, and the comforting affirmation of its own prejudices.

So men who cheer in a mob today, wake up to morrow and wonder why. Just now many are wondering why—Sydney "Daily Telegraph."

That film actress, on the other side of the world who sought to equip herself for a role depicting terror, by visiting a lunatic asylum and then having a professional performer throw knives at her, recalls the story which Hugh Ward used to tell of a travelling circus in the outback. The woman, whose part it was to be tied to a board while the "Professor" cast knives at her became ill. Thereupon the wife of the circus proprietor was pressed into service as proxy.

This lady was aged and attenuated, afflicted with neurasthenia, and liable to collapse from heart failure, but she was a dutiful wife. Awkwardly she climbed into tights that didn't fit, donned a blonde wig that had the appearance of a mop, and added a layer of paint.

Proclaimed the circus proprietor: "Ladies and gentlemen, Senora Lulu being ill, her place will be taken by Madame Buff-Buff." "Ra-ta-ta-tattata-ta-ta," played the ragged band, and the "Professor" cut a heroic pose before casting his first knife. The woman, stricken by fear, contorted her features, thus accentuating her ugliness.

"Whish!" went the first knife, striking the board, and sticking an inch from her quaking throat. "Blimey," exclaimed a fellow at the back, "he's gorn an' missed 'er!"

We like to note the birthdays of members in each issue of this magazine. Particulars should be addressed to the Secretary; for example: "My birthday is September 17."

\* \* \*

Possibly Alf Grounds is the keenest cricket patron among members of Tattersall's Club. He has been my companion at Sydney Cricket Ground at some grade matches that have been, not only a test of enthusiasm, but a trial of patience, in phases. Alf is usually among the first to arrive and is among the select class of "bitter-enders."

\* \* \*

Stanley Wootton, who arrived recently from England to see his father, Richard Wootton, is convalescing in St. Vincent's Private Hospital after an operation.

\* \*

Cas Holm wrote from San Francisco to George Chiene, conveying the season's greetings to the many sportsmen he met during his honorary membership of Tattersall's Club.

\* \*

A Sydney morning newspaper made headlines of a supposed brush between Bill O'Reilly and an umpire in an interstate match. No more happened than that Bill claimed his rights, as captain, in a certain matter. The umpire did not make an issue of it. But the newspaper—old enough to know better—became intoxicated with the scent of "sensation."

\* \* \*

The N.S.W. Queensland match, at Sydney Cricket Ground, was played in the right spirit. There were no "incidents." A young player making his debut for N.S.W., dropped a catch in slips and fumbled a "chance." He also disregarded the advice of his more experienced partner against flicking at "off stuff," and paid the penalty. Yet his team mates and the crowd accepted these lapses as part of the fortunes of the game.

If the Test matches against England are played in that atmosphere—if "menaces," "grim struggles" and so forth are forgotten—first-class cricket will not belie its name nor corrupt its purpose.

Bradman at 37 might be regarded as rather old to attempt a come-back in Test matches as they were waged pre-war; but Bradman is an extraordinary cricketer and the extraordinary achievement should be within his compass, provided that his physical capacity prove equal to his skill. Further, Bradman is a shrewd fellow and unlikely to run counter to his better judgment. Apparently he has no misgiving as to his skill, and that confidence should make him all the keener to return to the scenes of his former glories.

\* \* \*

Passing of Joe Darling in Tasmania after a long innings recalls the play made of his name when he made a great score against the English XI, which included Ranji, in the "nineties." The great English batsman, losing his wicket cheaply, was said to have complained of a fly having got in his eye at the moment he made his stroke, whereupon a rhymster burst into song:

In the gloaming, oh my Darling, You were still before the sticks, Hitting three and fours and fivers And, occasionally, six.

It was sweet to see the lion Whalloped by the Kangaroo; Flies got on to poor old Ranji, But no flies got on to you.

Experts ranked Darling next to Clem Hill as the greatest left-hand batsman of all seasons. Hill was credited with having been the greatest left-hander of his day. Probably there was no greater left-hander in the history of cricket. Both were at their best when their side was up against it.

\*

Written in the "Sunday Telegraph" by Cyril Pearl (Editor) after his return from a tour of Europe and America: I don't think that the British people fully realise how important are many of their queer, inefficient institutions. The often clumsy traditionalism of English life, which Australians and Americans sometimes laugh at good-humouredly and sometimes sneer at contemptuously, assumes a supreme importance when you identify it with the preservation of a way of life that has

disappeared from, or never been known in, many parts of the world, a way of life built on the rule of law, respect for the individual and belief in a political code that is not geared to the expediency of the moment.

Personal items for publication are always welcome. These should be addressed to the Secretary.

Just as no machine has been invented without incurring risk of mischance, so no man has been born who is proof against occasional error in a world of imperfections, human and mechanical. Nevertheless, men and machines should be credited with having rendered good account of themselves—on racecourses as elsewhere. Herein is expressed a generality, which is not only good philosophy, but has the backing of fact.

Somebody said in the club that soand-so was worth so much. Somebody else asked: "But is he happy?" That thought had not occurred to the booster, but its expression gave him cause to think. Happiness is one of the assets that cannot be calculated on an adding machine. Men who have sought to buy happiness have been shocked to discover how poor they are.

Sophie Tucker, an American singer of popular songs for the past 30 years, said that to-day's songs would not live, as old songs had lived, because they were not sung so frequently to the people from the stage. In other words, the singer's personality was more or less lost in mechanical reproduction, and so the song's appeal was more or less ephemeral. Perhaps it might be said also that the majority of songs of to-day, like many of the commodities, are not made to last. Such is mass production.

There is no certainty that the Arab stallion which is being shipped from Hirohito's stables to America for the crowd to gape at is identical with the much photographed steed which the Emperor rode at military reviews. Probably the wily Japs would have taken precaution against

(Continued on Page 12.)

# Carrington and Cup Gossip

GETTING off to a good start in reviewing Tattersall's Club's meeting, probably the greatest attraction on the first day was the presence of Bernborough; and that he should have won the Carrington like a racehorse, with the multitude riding him, made for a memorable Randwick occasion.

The sport does not depend for its appeal altogether on the presence, or the performance, of a class horse, or class horses, but his, or their, appearance lends colour, heightens interest.

Happily, an exceptional horse crops up occasionally to relieve the monotony of mediocrities. Happy, also, in the circumstances that owners of champions usually feel an obligation to patrons.

Bernborough's owner, A. O. Romano, told some of us at luncheon that he naturally hoped to win on the day, but that he wished also that the public would get a thrill and a profit from the win.

As Tom Prescott and I set out to locate Bernborough's box, "Follow the crowd" several advised us en route. As we looked upon this horse, I recalled the description of Defaulter, the great New Zealander, as written by Bert Wolfe—"Cardigan" of the "Melbourne Herald"—at the time of that horse's appearance at Randwick, and wished that I had "Cardigan's" classic knowledge and felicity of phrase to do Bernborough justice.

A student of pedigrees told me that Bernborough's sire, Emborough, was by Gainsborough, English triple-crown winner and leading sire of his day. Hyperion—"probably the greatest sire in the world to-day," my informant said—is also by Gainsborough. Gainsborough's grand-dam was by the Australian sire, 'Trenton—"one of the greatest racehorses in the history of the Australian turf," my informant added. All very interesting, and proving that blood will tell.

One versed in racing history gave it as his opinion that "a class horse usually has a good name"—meaning a name that does not offend the ear, as with so many of those harsh-

sounding, nonsensical sire-dam combinations.

This authority agreed that Bernborough's name appealed. "What about Windbag?" I asked. "Well," he replied, "Windbag was by Magpie, and the magpie is the greatest windbag among Australian birds." I answered: "You wouldn't relate Windbag's name to the musical note of the magpie? It would not recall Barcroft Boake's lines: "And the jovial magpie winds his horn, and the morn comes all too soon." He agreed, hedging: "Maybe not, but, at least, it suggested something. At the time of Windbag's being named, 'windbag' was a favourite expression. You would not have had him called

"Sounds like the name of an Indian province or a Rajah's favourite dish," one of the group observed. Nevertheless, it doesn't bash the ear, and has claim to originality as well as expressing a happy association.

Vulpina was given me as "a good thing" for the Maiden Handicap on Carrington day; but only as a tote bet, both ways. My informant was greatly elated as the numbers were hoisted. "But Vulpina ran unplaced!" I stuttered. "Maybe," he answered, "but it was coupled on the tote with the third horse, Generator. Anybody who backed Generator would be the supreme optimist. I'll bet drinks that the dividend is round about £14"!



FINISH OF THE CARRINGTON STAKES, 1945.—1st, Bernborough, 9st. 6lb. (A. Mulley); 2nd, Civic Pride, 8st. 4lb. (N. McGrowdie); 3rd, Felbeam, 8st. 3lb. (W. Cook). Time, 1min. 10\frac{1}{2}sec.

a King something-or-other, or a Prince so-and-so, would you? Many of these 'Royal' fellows turn out duds. Anyhow, what's in a name?"

It was plain that we could not agree. However, I think—and others present during our conversation at the meeting agreed—that a horse has sufficient burden to carry without being saddled with a ridiculous name. A R.N. officer observed: "Australia has some of the best horses and many of the worst-named."

Sajakeda, which won the second division of the Encourage Handicap, on the second day, was named after its four owners: Sam Peters, Jack Norris, Ken Buckley and Darcy Bennett—a combination of the first two letters of their Christian names.

As we surveyed the figures my friend exclaimed: "There you are—14 quid!" He looked again. "No," he said, "only 14 shillings. I can't make it out." He did not back Generator when it won on the second day—and he can't make that out, either.

He might be still waiting on Vulpina. Vulpina is by Foxbridge. Vulpine (Latin, vulpinus, from vulpes, a fox), pertaining to, or resembling, the fox, means cunning, crafty, artful—not a bad name as a carry over from its sire. The implications of the name, of course, do not mean a thing. Horses do not speak Latin. Indeed, they do not speak at all. That's their charm. When you address them they can't snap back.

Apropos the appearance—probably the farewell appearance in Sydney—of Tranquil Star, this great mare's part-owner, Richard Cobden, said that her coming here would depend a great deal on how she fared. Normally, we should see Tranquil Star. "Best of luck," I said, little realising that the wish was prophetic, as Mr. Cobden collected Tattersall's Club Cup with Swan River on the second day.

Before the race several were saying that they intended to give Swan River "just one more chance." My selection of Swan River was not based on past form or on prospects as related to the form of the field, but simply on this: Swan River "looked" the best of the lot.

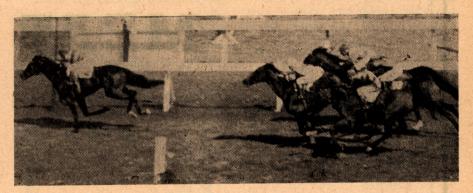
A veteran advised: "You can't win money that way." Not always, but occasionally the horse that catches the eye lands the money. A horse's condition is revealed in its looks. Appearance on the day does not go all of the way, but it does go a good deal of the way—on honest performance, and on whether the horse is good enough.

There was a dance in the club on New Year's Eve, as well as celebrations elsewhere. Many of the celebrants next day—that is, at the meeting—were going for "recoveries," not as many from the bag as from the bottle. This led quite a number to take the tip from Scotch Gift and back it in the first division of the Encourage Handicap. Others wanted to go for "The Doctor" (from Overdose), until they learned that it was a non-starter.

Arthur Moverley, down from Bowral, told me that he had dreamt that Murmur won the Nursery Handicap; and so he passed on to back the

square, but we had a lot of fun. The new year should be a happy one for all, if all we wished our fellow members, and all they wished us, comes true. Greetings were hearty and sincere, as befitted club members.

Weather conditions—on Carrington day particularly—were delightful, The crowds were large. Attendance on the first day surpassed expectations, in view of restricted



FINISH OF TATTERSALL'S CLUB CUP, 1946.—1st, Swan River, 8st. 6lb. (W. Cook); 2nd, Good Idea, 8st. 8lb. (R. Parsons); 3rd, Invictus, 7st. 0lb. (J. Duncan). Time, 2min. 33sec.

daughter of Idle Words. He had not heard of the song, "My Dreams Are Getting Bettor All The Time," he said later, and didn't believe it, anyhow.

On both days we might not have won much money, or even got

transport on the homeward journey proving that the sport of racing retains its attraction for the mass of the people. This is as much a tribute to those charged with its conduct as to the sport itself.

-THE CLUB MAN



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Mr. Len. Jeffrey, of Waverley, who has been a hairdresser for more than fifteen years, recently made the following statement: "Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add a box of ORLEX COMPOUND and a little perfume. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

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# BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER

The Walter Lindrum "Area" Shot Explained - How to Secure the Maximum Margin for Error — Amateur State Titles to be Conducted this Year - A New Champion on the Horizon.

During December, just before lighting restrictions stopped play in the billiard room, a Melbourne visitor made reference to what he called a Walter Lindrum "area" shot.

The description appeared to baffle listeners, but it is a coined phrase used by the champion to describe what he terms "playing to the maximum margin of error" while, at the same time, grouping the balls.

An excellent example is shown in the diagram reproduced on this page. Cueists will note how wide Lindrum has placed the cue-ball to play off the red, make the cannon and leave all balls together.

The diagram is worthy of study by all who would improve their game. Apart from "grouping" the balls it will be noted that contact on the right-hand side cushion gives the width of three balls to make the second contact.

The cue-ball travelling anywhere in the shaded area will make a score and an excellent leave.

Another point to be borne in mind is that no other placing of the cueball in the D will give the same

The uninitiated take the easier course and spot for a cannon off one cushion, but that would have the effect of "cutting" the first object ball too finely or, perhaps, sinking it in the top left hand pocket for a "five shot" which would be fatal from a positional viewpoint.

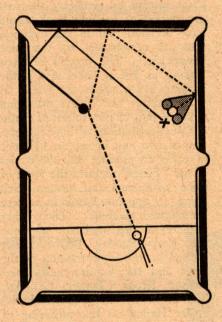
It should always be remembered that "spotting in the D" gives the striker a tremendous advantage if he only knows the right thing to do. Even a fraction out in judgment may easily mean the difference between a break-building effort or failure to capitalise on an easy shot.

Stars Will Be Keener.

The Club's star players will be keener now that the State amateur championships are to be staged again

It is generally known that W. ("Billy") Longworth is president of the N.S.W. Association, apart from being the only vice-president in Australia of the B.A. and C.C., the world controlling body.

It may not be so generally known that the member mentioned is a titleholder and for several years has been ranked in top class even among the quidnuncs. He looks like getting-



opposition from others of our number.

New Champion on Horizon.

After N.S.W. has found its champion, attention will be centred on the Australian title so ably held by Bobbie Marshall, of Western Australia, who, after five years in khaki, is reported to be settling down in Perth to business and conscientious practice.

Marshall also holds the Empire title, and is probably the greatest amateur cueist of all time. He has made 1,000 breaks and is one of the fastest players in the game, attractive and an expert on top of the table

But, good and all as Marshall is, there is another Richmond in the field in the person of Jack Harris, who is current holder of the South Australian championship.

The Empire champion will need to be on his best behaviour when they meet. Anyone who takes Harris easy will make just as big a mistake as the schoolboy who wrote in an essay that "Catarrh is a musical instrument, especially in Spain."

When the South Australian title was decided in Adelaide last year, Harris made 10 breaks of 50 and over, three exceeding 60, three over 90, five on the 100, two between 120/130 and one of 178.

In his first match he averaged 13.8 in 600 up; 21.8 in the semi-final over 1,200 up; and 25 per stick in the final over 1,800.

The player on the losing end, Goldsmith, also did himself proud by averaging 16 and final scores were Harris 1,800, Goldsmith 1,145. Famous cricketer Don Bradman, these days an accomplished cueist on his own standard table in his Kensington (Adelaide) home, declares Harris the best amateur in the game to-day. He has seen them all both here and abroad and is a sound judge.

It looks as though our billiard stocks are on the up and up.

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# NEWS FIT TO PRINT

## **Functions of a Newspaper**

Mr. Dooley said that the mission of the Press was "to comfort the afflicted and afflict the comfortable." Actually, the slogan of one of the world's greatest newspapers, the "New York Times," is more completely explanatory "to print all the news fit to print."

Reviewing the newspaper, "Its Making and Its Meaning," Sir Willmott Lewis, Washington correspondent of "The Times," of London, writes:--

There are a certain number of newspapers in existence which can with certainty, and by any standard of judgment, be called "great"—a word, be it said, which suffers sadly from over-use. Among those which would stand high on any wise man's list would be "The New York Times," and it would come first if the test of greatness were to be what Walter Lippmann (I think) called massive reporting. In that field it may have rivals, but it has not yet a peer. It does not flinch before the longest test if the matter is important; it prints everything reaching it "that's fit to print." There come to it every day a million words, from which its workers distill 125,000 for use, and these go out over its own region, over the United States, and into the world beyond. Its size is impressive. It has weight in all the meanings of the word-except oppression. What more can an intelligent reader or a student demand, unless it be more of the same?

The book under review, as to most of it, is the story of the organisation and publication of "The Times," recounted by members of its staff. They tell you how the news is gathered and how it is presented; and, finally, the president and publisher, Mr. Arthur Hays Sulzberger, discourses upon "The newspaper's role in the community." These chapters were prepared as lectures, and were delivered in the spring months of this year at Times Hall, in New York City, to a group of teachers, who then were

organised into discussion "workshops." Isaac Bildersee, principal of Seth Low Junior High School in Brooklyn, says in a report of these discussions that they dealt with an evaluation of "the advantages of using the daily paper as a vehicle of instruction," with regard also to "the limitations and possibly detrimental influences involved."

If Euclid had written about the Press instead of geometry the first proposition of his first book would have declared that in the technical sense all newspapers are the same newspaper. The process of their making, as Edwin James says in the chapter which opens the book, "is a comparable one." As managing editor it falls to him to tell of methods of organisation, of how the putting of two tons of ink on 125 tons of paper to produce 500,000 copies of the "Times" requires the work of some 3,500 men and women, each doing an appointed task in a very complicated machine. Then other soldiers of this regiment continue the story-Sunday Editor Lester Markel on the interpretation of the news and the Sunday newspaper; Arthur Krock, Turner Catledge, Mrs. Anne O'Hare McCormick and Foster Hailey on the gathering of the news: James Reston and Frank Adams on the job of the reporter; Neil MacNeil on the presentation of the news; Hanson Baldwin and Brooks Atkinson on the work of the specialist.

All of these lead up to what Mr. Sulzberger has to say, and he points the moral that adorns their tale. This is not by any means the first book to do for the daily reader what they have done, but it is one of the best because it is not impersonal and because it is often anecdotal. The uninstructed layman can read it with profit and with pleasure. He can even "dine out on it," as the saying goes, speaking with an authority none the worse for being borrowed.

It is made clear that only as a supplementary teaching resource

was the use of the newspaper by schools considered. But the Press, the movies and the radio are, in an extra-curricula sense, already teaching resources, and the degree to which each is "possibly detrimental" is perhaps as important as any study of their virtues and uses. Their common vice is sentimentalism, which is to sentiment what religiosity is to religion or legalism is to law. And "sentimentalism," said Leslie Stephen, "is emotion for its own sake."

Once upon a time the owner of a great American chain of papers told his executives that stories were divided into two classes, the "important" and the "interesting," and instructed them to concentrate upon the "interesting." Another great American publisher told me about forty years ago that "the tendency of the modern newspaper is toward the best its readers will allow it to give," which may be true, but is not more encouraging than the other's preference for the "interesting" over the "important." It is a fair guess that reader interest is assumed to lie in the play of the ruder instincts rather than in the dictates of reason.

As far back as 1927 the American Society of Newspaper Editors heard a speech from the late and beloved William Allen White, acting as chairman of its committee on ethical standards. "The committee cannot report," said White. "It has no idea what the ethics of this business is. The subject is too broad. We return for further instructions.' I do not recall that further instructions were ever given, though the subject was freely debated for two or three days and most of the familiar pieties were uttered. Speaking as an old hand, I can think of no better statement of the mission of the Press than that of Mr. Doolev. who said that it was "to comfort the afflicted and to afflict the comfortable." But I doubt whether any editor or publisher hitches his waggon to that starry admonition, and

certainly the servants of the radio and the movies don't. Thoreau called most of the luxuries and comforts of life positive hindrances to the elevation of mankind, but he has few disciples now.

For all this, and much more that might be said, the book under review is a good book because its subject is a newspaper itself so good that it can sturdily stand up under examination. "The Times" strives to be honest and to avoid prejudice, to keep the friends it makes without capitulation, and it succeeds far better than most. I assume that it is not-and am sure it should not be-"The Times" alone that schools in New York are to use as a supplementary teaching resource. The net must be thrown more widely if students are to be helped to understand where we are going and what infinitely complex (and often evil) forces are at play in this country and the world.

No single newspaper can reflect them all, though the Press as a whole might. Ultimately the problem is one for the teaching staffs,

who seem still to be debating what should be taught and how. Perhaps the Press can help them to an answer, but I do not think it can help them very much—unless they listen to what W. K. Clifford called "the still, small voice that whispers 'fiddlesticks.' "

#### ALL WOOL AND TOP PRICES

Sheep-breeders in England kept Lincoln longwools high in the market at the last show and sales.

This valuable old breed of sheep, recognised in Australia, is most popular for crossing with the merino.

Contrariwise Border Leicesters were down in the market, with a highest bid of £48.

Northern breeders made the Cheviots, a sturdy close-wool, a hot favourite.

A two-year-old Cheviot ram complete with horns-long out of favour -realised the extraordinary price of

Seven Cheviots in one pen realised £714 or £102 apiece.

### DO YOU WANT TO BE A MULE?

This is for the veterans of 1914-18. No others need apply.

How high can mules jump?

Those of us who slogged through the years of long ago had varying opinions of army mules-mostly unprintable.

One officer was so impressed by the amount of work a mule could do that he purchased one to work on his small home farm. It was found impossible to confine this mule to any given field. He would walk up to a five-barred gate, and when within a foot and a half of it, rear up and jump the gate from a standing position (states an English publication).

He was turned out with a small child's pony and they were inseparable companions. The pony's method was to crawl through the smallest hole in the fence, as he could not jump the gate.

Can you top this?



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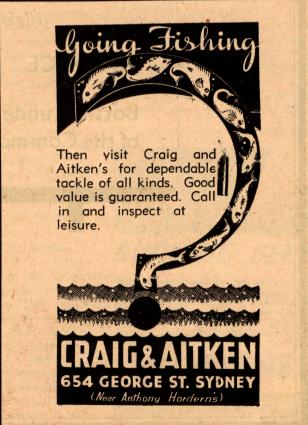
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# Old Khaki and Lavender Reaction Through Service

Americans specialise in research. "The Times" of New York set out to discover how servicemen—and servicewomen—reacted to the piping tunes of peace.

It found:-

OST veterans, once they return home, throw off their uniforms, heave them into dark closets and immediately forget about them. At least, that's the conclusion you come to after talking to many of them. If they actually miss their uniforms they are reluctant to admit it, and if they don't they can be more than a little forthright about it.

"We wouldn't go back into the gawdammed uniform if they made us generals," one of a group of veterans at the Service Centre on East Fortieth Street declared. "Any guy who misses his uniform hasn't been a soldier. He hasn't been in such places as Anzio or Iwo Jima or Okinawa, and doesn't know what it's like to be on a beach on D. Day."

S OME veterans dislike their uniforms so intensely that they are returning them to Army camps. At Fort Dix alone from 3,000 to 5,000 items are received each week. Many of the incoming bundles contain stockings and underwear, indicating that a lot of the boys are desperately discarding anything that will remind them they were once soldiers.

Other veterans, the more philanthropic-minded, are beginning to donate Army clothes to social agencies. The Salvation Army in New York has so far received only a few uniforms, but greater amounts will be coming in soon, according to an officer of the agency. He based his prediction on the post-World War I era when thousands of veterans sent their uniforms to the Salvation Army.

Many ex-service men, however, are keeping their uniforms and are determinedly wringing as much practical use out of them as possible. Some veterans confess that their underwear has already been cut up into dusting cloths; some say they've given parts of their uniforms to relatives who can now be seen proudly wearing them to work.

THERE is, however, a small number of veterans who really do miss their uniforms. This may be because they got used to the security and the prestige of being a member of the armed forces or because they enjoyed the free tickets and special privileges their uniforms brought them.

Other veterans miss their uniforms only when an unseasoned serviceman argues that his branch of the service won the war. During such debates, veterans look down at their own unconvincing green tweeds, then glance at the service man's one battle star and one overseas stripe and wish they had on their uniforms that very moment.

There appears also to be a small bloc of veterans, mostly women, who miss their uniforms for an entirely different reason. One pretty ex-Wac, who was waiting for a trolley on Third Avenue, felt that way. She had been a private first-class in the Wacs for seventeen months, she said, and had served in the E.T.O.

"I miss being a Wac because I was always in style," she explained. "My overseas cap, for one thing, was so light and you could wear it at the jauntiest angles. My shoes were the most comfortable things I ever wore, and they took such a nice shine. It took me a long time to learn how to make a knot in a necktie, then I became so expert at it that I was making knots for the G.I.'s. Now, no matter what I wear or what I pay for my things, I just never seem to feel in style."

S OME veterans, because they are sentimental, begin longing for "the good old days" the moment they receive the proper kind of encouragement.

Recently, the juke box in a Twenty-third Street bar, in response to somebody's nickel, gave off an unmistakable whirring and clicking and then came to life with Irving Berlin's "Always." A veteran at the bar lifted his glass and gulped down some of the brew, letting a few drops spill on his red and white necktie. Then, after glancing curiously at the juke box, he turned to the man next to him and remarked nostalgically:

"I heard that damn song once on Coney Island at the merry go-round. And I heard it in England, and in North Africa, and in Italy, and in France. I guess I've heard it all over the world—it sort of followed me around."

He peered silently down into his beer. "Boy, what times I've had in the Army," he said finally. "You know something? I'd like to be back in uniform with the old gang right now. Right this very minute. There's no fun in being a civilian."



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it's a good formula

#### The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 3.)

this animal's acquisition by the invaders.

It is significant that General Mac-Arthur, a good showman, as well as a great commander, declined an offer to become possessed of "Hirohito's horse," probably suspecting—in common with Admiral Halsey—a "ringin," with the possibility of ultimate exposure. Such is publicity in the United States, however, that the horse going there will enjoy the greatest horse-laugh in history.

\* \* \*

The Americans might advance their campaign to civilise the Japs by establishing racecourses in the main cities and importing horses to supplement the local entries. The Japs are barbarians because they have never been allowed that indulgence in sport for sport's sake which the people of the democracies enjoy.

Like the Germans, the Japs mobilised their men and women for the Olympic Games, imbued them with a military ardour and a victory or die attitude. When it came war, neither Germans nor Japs could play the game according to the rules, chiefly for the reason that they didn't know the rules; they had never been taught them.

\* \* \*

Harry Donnan, who played with the late Joe Darling in the 1896 Australian XI. which toured England, told a "Sun" writer that Syd Gregory was Australia's greatest batsman on all types of wickets. At the time Larwood was forcing our greatest batsmen to "duck," veteran patrons declared that Gregory would have belted those short-pitched deliveries to the boundary—and if the leg-trap field remained in the line of fire it would be at the cost of casualties.

\* \*

In England the starting price bookmaker is an honoured citizen. He can advertise in any papers he likes. He can call the odds six months before a race (wrote F. E. Baume from England to Sydney "Truth"). He is restricted only from street betting, but credit betting here reaches fabulous millions every year. The Government has had its eye on this rev

enue for some time, and there is quite a fear now that the totalisator will be nationalised, believe it or not. The idea is that starting price bookmakers will be abolished under threat of heavier penalties than in Australia and New Zealand, and officially sanctioned totalisator offices will be opened in every city, town and even village. This may sound incredible, but the source is one of the biggest men in Britain's racing game, and Viscount Kemsley is concerned enough about it to let his sporting editor discuss it. Chances are that the Government sees extra undreamtof revenue in a new totalisator tax should this form of betting become legal off the course.

\* \* \*

A December cable from London reported: "After marking the traditional site of the signing of Magna Charta by King John in 1215 for more than eight centuries, a walnut tree was blown down in recent gales.

gailes.

Though Magna Charta was signed at Runnymede in 1215, the Great Charter, which was legal validity, to-day dates from ten years later, and bears the signature, not of King John, but of King Henry III. That is because the enactment underwent amendment, and it is, of course, in its amended form that it remains effective.

Sam Fielder was a great trainer of horses and also a trainer of great horses, including Cranberry—but cricket always had him a little non-plussed. One hot summer's day in the west he was picked to take part in a match. Sam's captain unfortunately lost the toss. After fielding for some time, during which the opposing batsmen made it merry for the scouts, Sam put this question: "How many up is the game?" One of his side replied: "All they can get." Sam answered: "That's no good to me," and strolled off.

Traveller: "How much do I owe you?" Hotel Clerk: "Which room, sir?" Traveller: "I had no room. I slept on the billiards table." Hotel Clerk: Ah, well, a shilling an hour."

# EIRE'S BETTING TAX Cuts Both Ways

The Eire Racing Board and Racecourses Act, and Racecourse Levy Percentage Regulations, became operative at The Curragh meeting on October 6.

The levy for the time being on racecourse bets is 5 per cent. The bookmaker is responsible for collection and payment of the amount arising therefrom. He must deduct the stated percentage from the sum due to a backer from a winning bet, the percentage being chargeable on the backer's stake and his gains.

In the instance of a backer's losing bet the bookmaker is liable for

the levy.

A bookmaker proposing to do racecourse business must obtain a permit from the Racing Board, and to secure it he must complete the prescribed application and lodge it at the offices of the Racing Board with an unmounted photograph, full face and shoulders and uncovered head. He must also deposit his licence to bet.

Approved Bookmakers.

Bookmakers are divided into two classes—namely, approved bookmakers and others. An approved bookmaker is one who is secured by a guarantee society in a bond to pay the levy to the Racing Board on the basis of certified returns.

A bookmaker not approved will deal with the amounts collected in a particular manner specified by the Racing Board.

Special arrangements are made for payment of the levy on a laid-

off bet

A levy is not payable on a void bet, such as a bet on a horse which did not come under the starter's

A claim may be entered for recoupment or remission of the levy paid or chargeable on an amount due for betting not paid nor likely to be paid, but if at any time the amount due, or any portion of it, is paid the bookmaker must pay the levy.

The Racing Board states that the object of the Racecourses Act is to improve racing and breeding, and the full co-operation of all racing interests is asked.

# Cold Facts - What They Cost

Some 18,000,000 Americans have colds right now and before the year is out an estimated 80,000,000 will have fallen victim to them at a cost to the nation of 450,000,000 dols. If you are an Average Person you will catch at least three colds and maybe as many as seven colds this year; these will cost you and your employer about 15 dols. in lost time, medicaments and doctors' bills and you'll also lose about three days' work because of them.

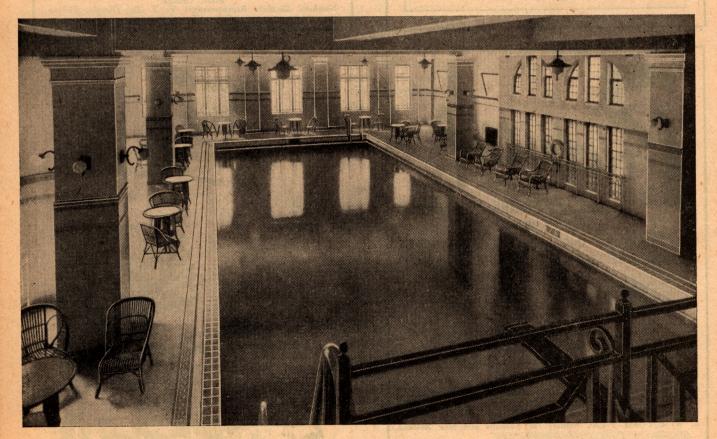
What causes colds? No one knows. You may get the sniffles after getting your feet wet, sitting in a draught, worrying too much or overworking; but these are only contributory causes. To prove that exposure is not a direct cause of colds scientists have sat for five minutes in a bath heated to 112 degrees then

stood unclad for an hour before an open window in winter without harmful effects. The real villain is a filterable virus that somehow gets a foothold in the nasal tissues when your resistance is down—but it is still a medical mystery.

The classic prescription for preventing colds is: get lots of rest, don't overheat your home, avoid chilling, eschew rich foods, take ultra-violet baths, avoid persons with colds—and it is about 50 per cent. effective. But there is no known cure. Shooting at cold germs with ultra-violet rays is the newest method of trying to banish them. In Pleasantville, N.Y., experimenters have set up ultra-violet lamps in seven churches, three schools and one movie house in an effort to purify the air of these hardy germs. Another new weapon is a spray—

propylene glycol vapour. It has been found effective on colds, flu and other respiratory ailments. Vitamin A and "shots," or prophylactic vaccines, are of little use.

The scientific name for a cold is coryza or "acute catarrhal rhinitis." . . . The average length of a cold is fifteen days. . . . More women than men catch colds: four out of ten for men, seven out of ten for women. But men's colds last longer so recent tests show. . . . Colds are more frequent among children than adults. . . . Persons over 55 catch few colds. . . . Many people think they can cure a cold by drinking large quantities of whisky; doctors don't agree. . . . Eating too much pastry is a predisposing cause of colds. But taking cod liver oil has been found helpful in preventing sniffles.



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#### OLD TATTERSALL'S

The Origin of the Name.

Tattersall's has become a name round the world closely allied to racing, or betting, or the sales of racehorses.

The famous subscription rooms in the original 'Tattersall's in London were described in "Post and Paddock" by the late Henry Hall Dixon.

Henry Hall Dixon, who killed himself with overwork—he even wrote articles while attending theatre with his family-strongly disapproved of betting, but he wrote:-

"The room, which bears silent witness to these ceaseless flirtations with Goddess Fortune is 45 by 28 feet, and capable of holding about 400 persons. In the middle of it is a sort of circular counter, round which and at the fireplace the business is principally transacted; but in the summer the room is nearly deserted and speculation adjourns on to the steps and green outside, and holds communication with its less favoured votaries through the iron bars of the gate. . . . Candidates are elected by the Committee of the Room; they must find a nominator and a seconder, and the names must be up at least a month.

"Above the fire-place at the end is a painting of Eclipse, from the easel of the grandfather of the present Mr. Garrard (whose oxydised silver cups are not favourably regarded by country race-goers, from the belief that they must be old 'uns) representing the immortal chestnut when he ruminated near Epsom in his proud stud days. A brood mare and Young Eclipse are also there, with two or three of the series of great winners; and a couple of engravings of Lord George Bentinck and race lists and notices. . . .

"The left-side windows open on to the terrace green where the Ring, weather permitting, stand or saunter about . . . and Masters of hounds, etc., earlier in the mornings, try the paces of a hack they may have been eyeing in some of the 120 stalls in the adjacent yard. . . . "

And as there is nothing to the contrary, despite the Luftwaffe and its blitz, Tattersall's survives and carries

#### **RE-DISCOVERY OF** ST. ANDREWS

Henry Cotton's Re-Impressions.

How Henry Cotton returned to St. Andrew's after an absence of six years, his prevention from playing by a bout of influenza and his re-impressions are told here.

"How lovely the old course at St. Andrew's looked," said Cotton. "I had not seen it for over six years, and had been looking forward to playing on this wonderfully exciting course once more—and I did get in one round."

"Nothing seemed to have changed, the same old grey town; the rust red Grand Hotel, now being cleaned up by German prisoners who kept peeping out of windows at the mysterious rites going on below; the club-house grey and solid-looking as ever, with even those legendary St. Andrew's figures still sitting in the bay window.'

"All was as the last time I saw the old place; the ropes, posts, stewards in white coats, the white lines round the greens, the big score board, as badly placed as ever. But this time a portable radio outfit brought in the scores from the turn which, when announced on the home green on the final afternoon, kept the spectators all round keyed up with excitement. The championship size crowd alone was missingtransport, limited accommodation and the weather no doubt the causes.'

"The course was green and slow, and played very long, but from the players' angle it was a treat to play to these big greens and feel that the ball was going to "sit down" and not trickle on and on to stop at "unheard of" putting distances from the flags. I hope I never see St. Andrews in any other condition."

"The 'old course' wants a lot of playing—it is lucky, but that does add interest to the play. were all kinds of incidents as usual -there are always more on this course than any other in the world."

"Despite the soft ground, ball after ball went on to the road behind the 17th green, the road suffering from six years of railway lorry traffic was all potholes, which were full of

water. So some funny things happened."

Cotton seemed to be impressed most-of the visitors-by the American, Lloyd Mangrum, who was beaten-but only just.

Cotton briefly said that the "old course" beat him-just that lack of local knowledge again.

#### THIS CHANGING WORLD

THE GRAND CANYON of the Colorado is deepening at the rate of 1 inch per year, according to a Denver geologist.

NORTH AMERICA is moving away from Europe at the rate of 12 inches per year, according to a European geodetist.

SCOTLAND is drifting toward Ireland at the rate of 8 feet per year, according to a Glasgow astronomer.

THE NORTH POLE is moving south at the rate of 6 inches per year, according to a New York meteorologist.

MAINE'S coast level at Portland is rising at the rate of .07 inches per year, according to an Atlantic City physicist.

THE CITY OF LONDON is sinking at the rate of .024 inches per year, according to a London geologist.

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# THERE IS NO REASON The Lack of Breeding

Racing from the beginning to the end, from the time of foaling at the stud to the time of a horse's departure from the turf, is one large series of points of view.

Obviously unanimity would stifle racing in a day.

Breeding possibly covers the widest range, for there seems to be no logical rule-of-thumb or otherwise. Even no unanimous opinion is possible, whether the sire or the dam counts more than the other.

Greatest point of all is that opinions range world-wide, making the following from an enthusiastic New Zealander of more than passing interest.

Naturally he looks at the story from the New Zealand side, and goes on to say:—

Just now a full-scale controversy is raging on the interesting subject of imported sires. It is interesting that it should flare up in New Zealand, as it is in full flame in the United States of America, Australia and India. The idea is simple: the argument is intended to lay down a rule for producing the superlative racehorse. There has never been a rule, and the sober truth is that there seems to be no scientific method that works with any certainty.

Lady Wentworth said that the English thoroughbred was produced by a combination of common sense, lucky accident, scholarship on pedigrees, and a good horse-raising climate. The combination did the trick—not any particular hard-held theory. It is obvious that buying a stallion in England for use in New Zealand is a high-grade gamble. Price has little to do with it.

One ingenious contention is that the first desideratum should be racing performance in England. This sounds like wisdom, but New Zealand's thoroughbred story is a complete denial of any weight in the argument. Soult and Beau Pere, for instance, were hopeless if examined for track performances.

The opposite contention, that blood alone counts, which means that the pedigree is all that mat-

ters, is nearly as untenable. Here, New Zealand has been lucky. Desmond was in great demand in England, but in Demosthenes and Limond we landed, at wide intervals, two great successes. In fact, in the world-wide hunt for means of preserving the St. Simon line we did well; we got Soult, Charlemagne II., and San Francisco, and a row of grandsons. Commonsense tells us at once that the rich array of Musket-line mares made these sires. We had what was needed in maternal lines.

But we have innumerable instances of close relations proving unequal in values. The individual counts, and this is a matter of "looksee" before the animal is bought.

The system is simply one of trial and error. We have developed here a system of buying and a trained body of experience stretching over the years. One organisation in

particular h a s performance behind it which, I think, has no peer in the world for consistent success. It is always to remembered that the second horse in Derby is often not more than a neck away. If we capture a full-brother blood to him, or a near relation. we stand a very good chance of making the grade."

All of which only goes to show that there is no golden rule, except horse knowledge, commonsense and much good fortune.

### RACING FIXTURES

1946

#### JANUARY

Tattersall's Club	. Tuesday, 1st
Sydney Turf Club	. Saturday, 5th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm),	Saturday, 12th
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 19th
A.J.C	Saturday, 26th
A.J.C	. Monday, 28th

#### FEBRUARY

Sydney	Turf Club	.A. A.	Saturday,	2nd
A.J.C.	an ha da	9.1	. Saturday,	9th
Sydney	Turf Club	1.22	Saturday,	16th
Sydney	Turf Club		Saturday,	23rd

#### MARCH.

Sydney Turf Club Saturday, 2n	
A.J.C Saturday, 9t	h
Sydney Turf Club Saturday, 16t	h
Sydney Turf Club Saturday, 23r	d
Sydney Turf Club Saturday, 30t	h



# GEO. ADAMS (TATTERSALL) and "WAR SERVICE FUNDS"

Geo. Adams' correspondents—through the WAR SERVICE FUNDS Plan operating since November, 1940—have contributed £127,000 for War Funds (Red Cross, Comforts, Distressed Diggers, etc.). In addition, GEO. ADAMS subsidises this by at least a pro rata contribution. Diggers, Sailors, Airmen and Nurses are thus supported by regular contributions.

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## HUNTER STREET. SYDNEY



Governor Hunter.

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rocky slope of isolated trees and dying underbrush, the roar and clangour of twentieth century traffic reverberating against the high walls of modern commerce; in place of the song of the cicadas in the heat of the day, that dull murmur with overtones and discord which is the voice of the city—such is the transmutation of Hunter Street in a little more than a century and a half. From the high western bank of the tank stream—today the intersection with George Street—down the gentle slope to nearby Pitt Street, where the old stream now runs fifteen feet underground and up the curling hillside to the eminence of Macquarie Street, it is easy to visualise the former rock-strewn gully, so close in time and yet so far away in memory.

The nearest approach to a Market Cross in Sydney stands at the intersection of Castlereagh, Bligh and Hunter Streets for a triangular island is a memorial, sacred to the memory of the first church in Australia. The very names attendant upon the immediate vicinity are redelent with associations of the past. Hunter Street is in reality a highway of history.

In the early days of our settlement Hunter Street was named Bell Street, so called because a bell on a high post was placed where Bligh Street joins Hunter Street. This bell answered the double purpose of summoning the people to church and of calling the convict labour gangs to work.

The authorities of the day gave Rev. Richard Johnston, first pastor to the colony, little assistance in his plan to erect the first house of worship in Sydney. The building became of necessity a "wattle and daub" structure built in the shape of the letter "T", the main portion 73 ft. long, the projecting front 40 feet and the width 15 feet. The church was opened for public worship in August, 1792 and cost £74.7.9—and so the first public building in Hunter Street was valued at less than £75—strange contrast to the present day when that sum would not buy even one foot of land.

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contrast to the present day when that sum would not buy even one foot of land.

Incidentally, this first church in Australia was mysteriously burnt down on the night of October 1st, 1793, and although the Governor of the day offered a reward for the apprehension of the miscreant responsible, the crime was never brought home.

We owe the present name of Hunter Street to Governor Macquarie whose town planning activities caused the original Bell Street to be changed to Hunter Street in honour of our second Governor and Capt. Phillip's good comrade and assistant, Capt John Hunter, R.N.

In the 1830's Hunter Street was regarded as a "fashionable" area in the growing Colony, Maclehose in 1838 gave an interesting description of this quarter when he described it as "an excellent site—several of its frontages being occupied as the town residences of gentlemen of the first respectability".

Mr. Maclehose complained bitterly of the error practised in the building of Sydney's streets. Each person was allowed to adopt his own frontage, design, elevation and architecture instead of agreeing on a general plan of building.

As a result Hunter Street, being fairly steep, became anything but a modern town-planner's joy despite the fact that at one period an attempt was made to obtain a general contour.

In the early years of its history, schools appeared to predominate in Hunter Street for Wood's School stood at the corner of Hunter and Macquarie Streets; Dr. Halloran also conducted a school there and a further scholastic establishment was situated where Police Headquarters now stand.

As far back as 1820 a grocery store existed in Hunter Street—this was Bill Butts' shop, "a grocery with a bakery at the back". Later, in the 1830's, there appear to have been no fewer than three grocery shops in Hunter Street.

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It seems incredible to day, but in the time of Bill Butts, Grocer, man named Mulhall is said to have kept a dairy next to the

A dairy in Hunter Street! Times certainly have changed. For many years the premises of Flower, Salting & Coy, were a landmark in old Hunter Street. Commercial and professional ventures followed but perhaps the most famous of all was a small shop just below George Street on the southern side, numbered "9" where for many years were the words "Henry Parkes, Fancyware Depot".

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It is legend now that in the year 1848 Sir James Martin chanced to enter Henry Parkes' store to purchase a doll and whilst waiting read some verse which was written on a paper lying on the counter. Sir James enquired of the author and when Henry Parkes admitted it to be his own work, the former became immediately interested in the young man.

And so from that chance meeting sprang one of the greatest political careers in the history of Australia for the one-time ivory turner and seller of fancyware in Hunter Street grew to national stature as "Sir Henry Parkes"—Father of Federation.

Another famous resident of old Hunter Street was Sir Roger Therry whose career wound from law to politics and thence to the Supreme Court.

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Hunter Street during the latter part of the last century has been ably limned by several Australian artists. A typical painting has caught the light from office windows shining on the wet road, the squat bulk of the original "Herald" building, and hansom cabs weaving a delicate way down hill, while top-hatted men cast abnormally long shadows.

Only a comparatively few years 1go the Victorian atmosphere was chased out of the street and although there are a number of fine modern buildings on either side—one a particularly outstanding example—there still lurks in Hunter Street an atmosphere which is a definite indication of "things gone before".

The greater peace and quiet of more leisured days have given place to the dull roar of a great city and the erstwhile Bell Street—the former rocky slope, once crowned with its primitive church, has become the Hunter Street of today—an important centre of modern commerce.

# THE RURAL BANK of NEW SOUTH WALES